

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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Whole No. 263

BOYS BOOKS WRITTEN BY CAPT. F. S. BRERETON

by William M. Burns

As a lad of 15-16 years of age, I ran across three books by Capt. F. S. Brereton, the English author of boys books, and have kept them along with boys books by other favorite authors for many years.

Several years ago I decided to start collecting my favorite old time authors of boys books and now have close to 1000 of them. Early in my collecting I had a number of Brereton books on my want list, but could not locate a single copy. The reason for this, as I learned later, was because very few of Brereton's books were published by American publishers. My good friend and fellow collector, Mr. Wm. Poage of Tampa, Fla. suggested that I get in touch with Mr. Frank Algar of Ilford, Essex, England, as he thought Mr. Algar could find some Breretons for me. So I got in touch with Mr. Algar and he replied that he was sure that he could help me some. As a result, Mr. Algar obtained for me the remaining 45 Breretons to complete my set of the 48 boys books written by Capt. (later Lieut-Colonel) Brereton.

Now something about Brereton himself. "Who's Who" for 1932 has this to say about him: "Brereton, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Sadlier. Commander of the Order of the British Empire, 1919, late of the Royal Army Medical Corps, late attached to the Scots Guards. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians; Doctor of Medicine (M.D.) Brux (Bruxelles?). Born 5th August



1872, son of Franc Sadlier Brereton, late of the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, and Isabella Beeston. Married 1898 to Ethel Mary Lamb, of Eakdale, Birkdale, one son, one daughter. Educated at Cranleigh and Guys Hospital. Gazetted Surgeon-Lieutenant in the Army Medical Staff, 1896, obtaining first place in competitive entrance examination, and Martins Gold Medal for Medicine and Parke's Medal for Hygiene at Netley; gazetted attached Surgeon to 2nd Scots Guards, 1898, and served with Guards until retired, 1902. Served in South African War, Captain 1898, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel 1919." Unquote.

The 1949 "Who's Who" had almost

no change whatever on Brereton.

If Lieut.-Col. Brereton is still living, he is now 81 years old.

He is aptly called "England's Second Henty", as like Henty, he wrote largely historical tales. While Henty wrote page after page of dry historical data, Brereton greatly condensed the historical data and wove it into his story in mild doses, so to speak.

Now as to his historical tales. Oddly enough none of them bear a subtitle. "A Gallant Grenadier," "On the Field of Waterloo," "Under the Star-Spangled Banner," "With Wellington in Spain," "In the King's Service," "A Hero of Lucknow," "With Rifle and Bayonet," "The Dragon of Peking," "Roger the Bold," "A Knight of St. John," "Jones of the 64th," "A Soldier of Japan," "With Shield and Asagai," "In the Grip of the Mullah," "How Canada Was Won," "A Hero of Sedan," "With Roberts to Candahar," "With Wolseley to Kumasi," "One of the Fighting Scouts," "Foes of the Red Cockade." These are part of Brereton's historical tales, but my favorite ones are the 12 that he wrote about World War I. These are as follows:

"With Our Russian Allies," "With French at the Front," "On the Road to Bagdad," "Under French's Command," "With Allenby in Palestine," "The Armored Car Scouts," "Under Foch's Command," "At Grips With the Turk," "From the Nile to the Tigris," "With the Allies to the

Rhine," "Under Haig in Flanders," "Under Joffre at Verdun."

He wrote one tale of World War II. This is titled "Trapped in the Jungle," a tale of the Japanese invasion of the Philippines.

The non-historical tales are as follows: "The Great Aeroplane," "The Great Air Ship," "Under the Chinese Dragon," "Colin the Scout," "Rough Riders of the Pampas," "A Sturdy Young Canadian," "A Boy of the Dominion," "Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout," "Indian and Scout," "Scouts of the Bagdad Patrols," "Kidnapped by Moors," "With the Dyaks of Borneo," "A Hero of Panama," "John Bargreaves Gold."

So there you have the titles of the 48 books for boys written by Brereton. 15 of the books are written by Lieut.-Col. F. S. Brereton, the remaining 33 under authorship of Capt. F. S. Brereton.

My American editions (3) are "Foes of the Red Cockade," a beautiful Chas. Scribner's Sons edition dated 1903. "A Gallant Grenadier" published by H. M. Caldwell Co., of Boston. No date of publication. My copy of "Under the Star Spangled Banner" is published by the Chatterton-Peck Co., and also no date of publication. The two latter named ones being cheap editions, not being up in condition to my English copies.

All the remaining 45 are published by Blackie and Sons of London. Largely fine condition and first ed-

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itions. The remainder are all fine second edition Blackies, in nice condition.

I do not know just how many Brereton books were published in the United States of America. Probably not over a dozen at most. So it is practically impossible to get a collection of Brereton, unless one can get in touch with some book dealer in England. Brereton wrote a few books for adult readers. I do not collect these, as all I collect in books (with the exception of H. Rider Haggard) are old boys books.

I believe that I am the first member of H. H. B. to obtain a complete file of Brereton's books for boys. Possibly the first in the whole U. S. A. But Mr. Cline of Denver, Colo., was close on my heels. I believe he had around 45 Brereton's when I obtained my 48th to complete my set. I do not specialize in any one or two authors as many collectors do. For instance, my good friend Mr. Wm. B. Poage of Tampa, Florida, specializes in Henty items, in books, magazines and story papers, and now has well over 200 of these items, with around 50 more on his want list. Personally I have around 94 Henty books, in cloth with no changed titles whatever. Only a few more Hentys are on my want list.

When, and if, I ever get those in, I will be satisfied as regards Henty.

Odd as it may seem to readers of this article, I get little time for reading as I am a simple working man, working 9 hours per day, 6 days per week. And a large part of my spare time is taken up with correspondence regarding buying, selling, trading old boys books, old story papers and journals, old dime novels, "bloods," etc; but I have managed to read a very few of my Brereton books. These few are as follows:

"Under the Star-Spangled Banner". This is a tale of the Spanish-American War. An English boy fights on the side of the U. S. A.

"In the King's Service." A tale of Cromwell's Invasion of Ireland. An Irish boy fights on the side of the King.

"Roger the Bold." A tale of Cortez and the Aztecs. An English boy takes sides with the Aztecs.

"How Canada Was Won." A colonial boy fighting on the side of the English. Very, very similar to Henty's book on the same subject titled, "With Wolfe in Canada."

"Foes of the Red Cockade." A tale of the French Revolution. So many years ago that I read it that I cannot recall on just which side the English lad did fight on.

And in Brereton's World War I series I have read only 2 or 3 of the series of 12. And in the non-historical tales I have read only one. This is "The Great Aeroplane," a fine tale of adventure in England and Africa.

Incidentally, "The King of Rangleigh" is a school story, as near as I can judge, from not reading it yet.

So you see from what little I have read of Brereton's, one could say that I was not competent to judge Brereton's books as compared to Henty's, but I have them all and have glanced them all over briefly. And I will still "stick to my guns" and say that I truly believe that Brereton's tales were fully as good as any Henty ever wrote, and I believe that he is very aptly named, when he is called "England's second Henty."

YE ROUNDUP AND ITS MEMBERS

A Condensed Biography

by Charlie Duprez

No doubt many of you fellers know one another, others came to your attention through the pages of the Roundup. But it seems to me, old Nameless Joe should give you an outline on at least one outstanding brother. I have often thought of writing a short article about one with whom I have been associated on several occasions, even to taking him on a Safari to visit the most Reckless Ralph.

He is without doubt on a par with my Grandpappy whom I wrote about in the January 1953 issue telling you about Snaps, the comic weekly. This member I am about to exploit deserves as great a bit of plug and no-

torty as my Grandpappy. There are without doubt many members who outclass him by far, but so far have not been fortunate enough to meet any. So am wondering whether in our great fraternity, The Mystic Knights of the Dime Novel can be topped? In the September issue, 1953, Great Inventor Tangles with Charlie Miller, Broncho Charlie, all I mentioned was, he is a great inventor, but what he invents, no space for it.

My hero, none other than G. Fred Orphal, a member NOW in good standing who to date in spite of present hard time has successfully paid his annual dues, and although a few of his checks did a bit of bouncing around, he was high man at the finish line.

As a starter let's drift into a few of his brain waves. First, aviation. He is still working on that, but tells me great progress is being made. It deals with the helicopter. Fred will demonstrate to the world how it is possible to encircle the entire world within 24 hours, never yet achieved by man. The idea is so simple I marvel no one else ever thought of it. When completed, he merely steps into his type of helicopter and ascends to a certain distance, he won't divulge how high, that's his secret, then remains aloft in one spot, the world revolves upon its axis, so that in 24 hours he descends, lands upon the same spot he left 24 hours before. Of course he won't see anything, but one must admit he covered the earth's surface in less time than ever done before.

You may ask, have any of his inventions to date startled the world? The answer is, "No," but give him time, a Judge once gave him five years. Now let's go into the medical angle. Not feeling too well some time ago, Fred's doctor being of a technicolor nature prescribed an assortment of various colored pills. When assorted, a rainbow had nothing on the collection. So he first cuts out a board, 7x10 inches, then he sketched one under the other, Monday to Sunday. Opposite to the day a hole was drilled. The various colored pills

would be inserted into the holes so that if he was to take a blue pill on say Tuesday, he wouldn't be taking a green one on maybe Saturday, etc. "Works fine," says Fred, except at night, he has to turn on the light to find the right one, but he's working on something to overcome that too. I helped him on that one by suggesting why not just turn on the light? "Never thought of it" he admitted.

Being quite a man with a Brownie camera he, as many of us have done, made two, sometimes four exposures on the same film. The Eastman Kodak people have accepted a formula, Fred's invention whereby immersing the film in this solution, the various snap shots separated, thereby saving the apparently ruined pictures, and also saves a lot of film. This should make millions for Fred, making it easier for him paying his Roundup dues.

Surveyors have aired their problems to Fred, such as while working in the deep woods, many trees would obstruct their vision. So he developed an X Ray lens for their regular lens which would cut through anything found in the way. Surveyors have acclaimed Fred as God's gift to mankind.

On one of my visits to his home-stead, wherein all these marvelous items come to life, I saw with my own beautiful big brown loving eyes his room stretcher. His den being rather cramped for all his furniture including the wash stand, he demonstrated the answer. By merely throwing a small switch, all four walls expanded to the required size. I gave him an order for one as I'm rather cramped in my garage with the two cars, a Ford and one regular car.

Lack of space prevents me telling you of other seemingly impossible things, but you wouldn't believe it anyway. Only a few of you of course have met Fred, you're sure missing something, a wonderful personality, of course not the loverboy type like many of us are. He after dark doesn't look too bad, see his photo in the September issue with Broncho Charlie, stands about 4 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and

weighs around 76 pounds soaking wet, in fact his good points stick out all over. So if any of you brothers think you can top Fred, let's hear about it, we want to know all we can about outstanding members.

Eddie our new Editor promises great things for forthcoming Round-ups, Reckless Ralph has decided to cast aside his pertater diggin for a spell and really go to town with his Newsy News, we shall see. In some future issue if Eddie will give space I have another member who rates a going over, I refer to Hon. Wm. Burns, the Rockland Terror. Not an inventor, but a swashbucklin terror with the women, a subject I'm sure you're never too old to hear about.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Well another month has rolled by, so lets see what we have for news this time.

Yep, James Wm. Martin was here from San Francisco, Calif. He came in Wed. morning, June 16th at 4:30 a.m. He sure was an early bird, and he caught me on the roost in dream land.

Thursday afternoon, Prof. Albert Johannsen of the University of Chicago came in, and it kept me busy trying to show each one of them my collection as best I could. The Prof. left for an overnight motel, while Jim stayed here. Jim and I went up to Clyde Wakefield's, and after visiting awhile, we listened to the Marciano-Charles fight. I didn't do much listening, because I was all tired out, and laid on the heavy carpet catching up on some sleep a little at a time. After the fight we found it was nearly time for the last bus, so we had to run for it, and missed it at that.

Friday morning, Ed LeBlanc came up, after I had called him the night before, and took all 3 of us down to Fall River. Prof. Johannsen, Jim and myself. We had a very good time down there and Ed brought us back here, for which I want to thank him

very much for all he and his wife did for us while we were down there. They saw novels and story papers as well down at Eds. Saturday morning the Prof. took Jim and myself along with him to Lawrence, to see Ralph Smith, so Ralph had us stay over night there. The Prof. and Jim can say they saw some novels and story papers when they came to New England. Sunday morning I received an emergency call at Ralph's house, for which Ralph came up and woke me up, at 4:45 that it was from a friend of Bill Burns' at Rockland, Maine, as I had called the night before, that we'd be up Sunday. The call was that Bill Burns' only son, Wm. M. Burns Jr., was killed early in the morning of June 20th. Bill Jr. was asleep, and his friend who was driving his car, went off the road and hit a big chestnut tree. Bill was killed instantly. The friend, badly hurt, will live. So you can imagine what a shock that was. I didn't do any more sleeping that morning. Young Bill was 30 yrs., 11 months and 25 days old. He was advertising manager of the Rockland Courier-Gazette.

Prof. Johannsen left us Sunday and went up to Maine a mile or so over the border, then went off through N. H., Vt., and New York state and on to Chicago. Then Jim and myself were taken to the railroad station by Ralph, and on to Portland we went. We went up and visited with L. Harding. Then we left and went on to Rockland, Maine. Jim had a bad cold and was tired, so was I. Monday afternoon we went to see a woman that bought books from me now and then, a Mrs. Snowman. Tuesday afternoon we went to Young Bills funeral. I came home after the funeral, Jim stayed and visited with Bill for three days.

June 30th Frank Wilson of Melrose and our new member George J. Gloss of the Brattle Book Store in Boston (both Massachusetts fellows) were here.

I was very lucky, as I bought stuff from Ralph Smith and up at an antique place in Maine, that I didn't have. And while I'm about it, I want

to apologize for not stopping to see Bill while I was up there, but as I didn't think I should at the time, I didn't, but some day I'll make up for it Bill, and we the Brotherhood and all send our sympathy to both you and the wife and family for your great loss. God bless you all, and him too.

The next issue of the Round-up will contain the first of two parts of Mr. J. Edward Leithead's latest article "The Wild West Shows Pass in Grand Review."

THE "OLD GUARD"

In the first place I want to say that I am an ardent stamp collector, and will gladly correspond with those of our brothers who are that way inclined. I rate dime novels and stamps on a "par." Changes are wholesome, they say, and so I share the pleasures and the benefits I derive from my hours spent with each of these hobbies.

But to get back from where I started: The "Old Guard" of the G. A. R. has diminished to a faint five, according to "Life" of June 1st, 1953. They all rate over 100 years old.

Now come to the "Old Guard" of dime noveldom. I admit to a respectable 72, as per my June 24th birthday. Freddie Singleton goes me five years better, in age. I hope I will hear of other brothers around our "mark".

Sad, but true, the grim reaper took from our ranks many beloved brothers. All you need to do is to scan the roster of a few years ago; gone but not forgotten. Pawnee Bill, Gil Patten, Uncle Billy Benners, Charlie Austin, Jim Cummins, Emmet Dalton, Caldwell, Fries, Irwin, Diamond Dick, Charlie Jonas; on the "other side", Barry Ono, Steele and Mulhall. Time marches on, they say.

—Bob Smeltzer

Smeltzer sez this is the time of the year to hie one's self to some sequestered (get out the Webster) nook and accompanied by one or two favorite D.N.'s, to enjoy a few hours

wrapped in a happy-go-lucky solitude; and don't forget the thermos bottle, well filled with one's favorite beverage; cold as ice to be sure.

WARNING brother collectors. In mailing out packages of any value whatsoever, to save a possible headache, insure for a dime; then you get positive proof of delivery; a 5¢ insurance fee does not accomplish this purpose. Just had an experience which taught me this lesson. Better be sure than sorry. (Printer's note: Better make it 15¢ 'cause now the 10¢ fee is the same as the 5¢—no number, and no signature necessary to prove delivery.)

Brothers, any old-timer, like "yours truly," recalls in buying a nickel novel at the corner cigar-store, that the pages were uncut. A table-knife was swell for the job. I have often wondered at the care the readers of our novels have given them for very few of them showed frayed edges; showing, without a doubt, that they exercised care in getting a look at the innards of the precious tale.

(Advertisements)

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MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

140. Stephen A. Osborn, Box 473, Lake City, Minn. New Address.
 80. Charles Duprez, 228 Larch Lane, Smithtown Branch, L. I., N. Y. (New address).
 210. Roy B. Van Devier, 95 West South St., Akron 11, Ohio (New member).

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I am very anxious to complete my files of the below listed periodicals. Only items in fine condition, both covers, all advertisements, etc., wanted. Want to hear from anyone having these items.

Oliver Optics "Our Boys and Girls"; Harpers Young People; Our Young Folks; Student and Schoolmate; Golden Days—single numbers up to and including Vol. 23. Will buy bound vols. Nos. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28; The Holiday—will pay \$5.00 for Vol. 2, No. 43, dated 4 Nov. 1890; Bright Days; Boys and Girls of America, published by Al. Miller, Chicago; Frank Leslie's Boys of America—want only Nos. 48, 51, 52, 54, 56, 58; St. Nicholas; Golden Argosy, want only single nos. of Vol. 3, or will pay \$25 for this volume bound; Boys Dashaway Series; Leather Clad Tales; Golden Library; Rugby Library; Munsey's Popular Series; Good News Library.

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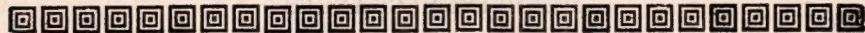
Refer to my adv. in Oct. 1953 no. of Round-Up. All Algiers sold. Still have some Mayne Reid, Castleman, Optic, Henty and misc. for sale 25% off prices quoted.

Also—Avon Fantasy Reader, Nos. 1 and 2, perfect, \$2.00 each.

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Wild Acres, Huntington, Vermont



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Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.

